1:Sanders Z-5,N (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

[The City Greek]

An additional resource of the city Greek after the fall of the Byzantine Empire was the respect which other peoples paid to Greek cultural traditions. The city Greek could rest at times on the laurels of his ancestors, or he could command a situation by assuming superiority based on the glory of his past. Furthermore, when days looked darkest, from late in the eighteenth century on down, he could count on the support of classic-minded benefactors of the Western world. There remained also the implication of the term *barbarian* for the non-Greek; this did not die out with ancient Greece but continued to apply to other Balkan Christian groups which the city Greek assiduously tried to Hellenize. The city was dominant here, too, for this Hellenization proceeded outward from the city. The contact point was usually the Greek priest, with his loyalty to the urban Byzantine tradition, in a Slavic, Vlach, or Albanian village before the rise of national churches in the Balkans during the last century.[5]

This, then, is the proud and rich tradition of the contemporary city Greek — a tradition kept alive by the schools, the church, and by the admiration of many non-Greek scholars seeking to trace the origin of Western democracy to its pristine source in the pre-Christian Greek city-state.

Also helping to keep the tradition alive are the few leisured families, some of whom have highly placed relatives scattered throughout the continent of Europe, as well as the growing intelligentsia and the merchants for whom the city is a natural habitat. Even the urban laborer, whether a skilled worker in a textile plant or an unskilled hod carrier on a construction project, has many of the same traits as the members of the middle and upper classes: in his cafés and *tavernas*, the worker reveals the same zest for life as well as some of the same preoccupations with his daily lot. Yet members of the new intelligentsia, Athenian politicians, and businessmen still have many relatives in the provinces with whom they are in frequent contact and to whom city ways are steadily spreading.

The city Greek's supreme self-confidence, arising out of these traditions of power and glory, is shown in almost any discussion overheard at the cafés where the Greek urbanite meets his friends to argue about anything and everything.[6] His gestures are as eloquent as his words, as Robert P. T. Coffin said so well in his poem, "Greek Hands Are the Greek":

> Greek hands are tongues,
> They are tails of dogs;
> They are also Plato's
> Dialogues.[7]

Completely sure that his ideas on public questions are as sound as those of any cabinet minister or newspaper editor, the city Greek takes great pleasure in expounding these ideas.[8] An incident of half a century ago, at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, is still told with amusement by Athe-

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

[The City Greek]

369 829 195 nians. According to the story, a man reading his newspaper at a café table was studying the battle plans and maps of the Russian command. The more he studied the newspaper details of the Russian army lines, the more excited he became, until he finally called out a warning to the Russian general half a world away in these classic words, "More to the right, Koropotkin! More to the right!" This phrase is repeated with a smile by one Athenian to another when he wants to imply that the other is passing judgment on something a little — but only a little — out of his field of competence. As 369 829 a matter of fact, a multitude of anecdotes told by city Greeks about themselves swarm into memory. One way of gaining an insight into the Greek mind is to listen to these stories.

The Greek shows pride in his intellectual curiosity by relating the tale of the Greek walking along a Paris street with a French friend. The Greek in the excitement of a discussion of nationality traits boasted that he could identify any Greek who came down the street. To the Frenchman this seemed impossible in such a cosmopolitan city as Paris.

"Let us wait here for a few minutes and I will find the Greeks for you," said the Athenian, who thereupon began to twist his cane into a nearby wall as though he were boring a hole. Many people passed by without paying any attention, when all of a sudden one man stopped to observe this strange behavior. He looked at the cane, the small hole, and at the man turning the cane as though trying to figure out the reason for the procedure. The Greek with the cane asked, "Are you Greek?" "Yes, I am," said the inquisitive passerby. "What are you doing with that cane?" The performance with the cane was repeated and after an interval a second man — of course, another Greek — stopped to observe. This was enough to convince the Frenchman of his Greek friend's ability to discover his fellow countrymen by tickling their curiosity.

This intellectual curiosity has its other side, too. One Greek social worker with an objective view of herself and her associates said, "When we Greeks face a crucial problem in social welfare or elsewhere, we are inclined to examine it from all sides. We look at it from so many points of view that we finally convince ourselves that it is not a very serious problem and practically explain it away, with the result that we do not feel the need to take any action about it at all."

369 521 [275] [829] It must be obvious by now that city Greeks are never dull. Conversations with them do not merely flow; they roar along. They always have some principles to defend, some causes or organizations to promote, or some absorbing hobbies to share. The mark of the true urbanite, as previously implied, is the regular visit to a favorite café, the modern version of the ancient agora, to transact business or to discuss with friends every conceivable facet of the happenings of the past twenty-four hours, not only in his own social group but in the world at large. It is only fair to point out that a few of the

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

experts are rightly questioning some of the obvious economic difficulties of trying to farm several scattered strips from a village home base, but they sometimes forget the social efficiencies found in a village in contrast to the isolated farmstead. Some of this social efficiency becomes apparent as soon as one arrives in the *plateia*, the village square.

The Plateia

Any visitor from outside is expected by the villagers to make his identity and business known as soon as possible, not to conform to any legal or police requirements but to satisfy the lively, usually friendly village curiosity. The plateia is the stage for this performance. Upon entering the village, one heads toward the most imposing coffeehouse in the plateia. A reception committee springs apparently from nowhere in the person of the local village president or some other dignitary. By the time the coffeehouse is reached, the visitor becomes the honored guest and is asked what refreshment he prefers — coffee or something stronger. Meanwhile, four or five other men, who consider themselves important enough locally to display such forwardness, join the reception committee at the table. Others stand around to watch what the strangers do and to listen to the conversation. Such situations call to mind the observation of a traveler through the Balkans and Eastern Europe half a century ago, who pointed out that when the Russian or the Turk had no business to occupy him, he went home; but when the Greek or the Jew had nothing to do, he stood on the corner of the square hoping something would turn up.[1] After the newcomers have observed the formalities and explained the purpose of the visit, everyone can then sit back and relax to drink the sirupy coffee or to give one's throat a chance to cool after each swallow of the fiery *ouzo*. Only then can the visitor really devote his attention to what the people who pass through the square are doing or wearing.

First there are the children, some of them startled as they suddenly see their reflection in the shiny chromium automobile bumper; other youngsters settle down to some simple game after the visitor becomes monopolized by the older people. Next comes a man carrying pottery jars to the fountain at the edge of the square, getting water for his coffeeshop around the corner. Peasants on their way from the fields ride their carts through the square, with a spare horse used for plowing led along behind. The animals as well as the very small children shy away from the automobile. Women look from the windows of the nearby houses at the group at the tables under the trees in front of the coffeehouse, but only very few ever venture close enough to hear what the men are talking about. A bus from the city pulls in with a roar and a clatter and quickly becomes the center of attention.

As the sights and sounds of the people and the animals become familiar,

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

the buildings around the plateia catch the eye. The church with its bell tower and dome is easily spotted. The cemetery is at the edge of the village, we are told, "back there where you passed the row of tall cypress trees." The school is usually nearby. If school is in session, then the noise of children at recess can be distinctly heard, as can the bell which calls them indoors. A sign rather than the size of the building announces the headquarters of the local village council. Many villages have a cooperative society, identified by a sign on its office near the plateia. Other coffeehouses and one or two small grocery stores account for the rest of the buildings on the square.[2] The universality of these coffeehouses and small shops is shown in Table 1, presenting the services provided in eight villages of more than a thousand in population, in the early 1950s.[3] Some of the items deserve fuller explanation.

The flour mills. In the case of the Xanthe village, four of the flour mills were built during the occupation, the other two long before then. These mills operate not more than a total of thirty days each during the year because local grain production is very limited and also because local people get their ration flour ready-ground from the government.

The one flour mill in the Mesolongi village has an old engine which uses charcoal for fuel and which hardly works more than two days a week. Most of the time it is under repair. Many of the villagers are therefore obliged to take their grain to the mills of neighboring villages.

The bakeries. In the larger villages these find sufficient business to stay open not only to sell their goods but to bake throughout the day for the village housewives, who bring in either unbaked loaves of bread or some dish for the ovens. With fuel so scarce in many parts of the country, it is much more economical at times for a family to take an uncooked casserole to the commercial baker than to try to bake it at home.

The village stores. In one of the Macedonian villages the yearly gross sales of the seven stores run from just less than $700 for the smallest one to $3330 for the two largest. These same two largest ones extend over $1000 of credit each year, while the smallest one gives no credit.

The owners of these stores purchase their goods directly from wholesale dealers in Salonica and bring them to the village with trucks or horsecarts. They do not hire any outside laborers, but use their sons or family members for the work. All stores sell for cash, credit, or take different farm products as payment. The credit extended to farmers by the different shopkeepers depends on the financial situation and the economic standing of the customers. More credit is given to farmers who own livestock because they are able to pay back their debts at more frequent intervals than ordinary farmers, who can pay back their debts only once a year after harvest. No direct interest is charged on credit goods, but their price is usually such as to include the interest.

The studies cited contain much more information about these village stores. The stock carried may include food, clothing, and farm implements.

TABLE 1. BUSINESSES AND SERVICES IN EIGHT GREEK VILLAGES*

	Tobacco village near Xanthe	Village A near Mesolongi	Village B near Mesolongi	Village in Central Greece	Mountain village near Lamia	Village near Agrinion	Village A in Macedonia	Village B in Macedonia
Population	1145	1062	2030	1372	1060	2915	1654	2493
Flour mills	6	1			2	3	2	
Bakeries	1		3	1		3		
Groceries	6	8	3	7	6	21	7	8
Barbershops	3	2	3	3	2	5		
Coffeeshops	6	8	5	5	1	7	3	3
Carpenters	5				2			
Masons	12			4	4			
Shoemakers	5	1		2	1	4	1	1
Saddlemakers	1		1	2				
Tinsmiths	1					1		
Blacksmiths	2	1	2	3				
Butchers	2	5		4	3	6		
Tailors	1	1		3	1	1	2	3
Dressmakers	3	6		10	2			
Carriagemakers						2	1	
Yardgoods shops				2		1		
Tobacco-news			2			2		
Restaurants			6			4		

* Includes those services mentioned for two or more villages.
Source: Village studies by Near East Foundation, Greek Ministry of Agriculture, and United States Mission to Greece (mimeographed).

1:Sanders Z-5,1 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

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1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

is going on in the world." "A few of us get small cooking stoves and others electric irons." Some also add, with a twinkle in their eyes, that since they can see after dark they do not have to go to bed so early and that the birth rate will probably drop.

Where there is no electricity there may be radio sets run by batteries. In one mountain village we found that five of the eight coffeehouses had battery receiving sets which they always turned on to the newscasts. "Why," we wanted to know, "are you villagers so interested in newscasts?" "Oh, we like to hear farm prices over the radio, but most of all we like news about what is going on in foreign countries because that is what enlightens us." In some of the most out-of-the-way villages we found receiving sets run by gas motors supplied by the United States Mission. Thus the air waves are reaching the village plateia and the villagers' sense of isolation gives way to a growing demand for more of the benefits enjoyed outside the village.

The water supply in the village is quickly identified by the procession of people to and from the springs, artesian well, or street faucets. A local gendarme in his trim gray uniform, who joins our group, and a field guard on his way to leave the rifle slung over his shoulder at the community-council office are expressions of services from the national or local government, as is the mailman who comes from the next largest center once a day, or perhaps three times a week.

Our observations of the people, public buildings, and available utilities are constantly interrupted by the liveliness of the eager conversation around the café table. Although the American visitor is not directly engaged, the topics sound so interesting and so close to the facts he is trying to collect that he cannot remain entirely aloof. For instance, the young officer in charge of some people recently resettled in the Greek-Albanian border area under his control says that the peasants are complaining because their land allotment is too small and the soil too sandy, so they go into the forbidden no-man's-land to cultivate even if they do place their lives in jeopardy; a man who prides himself on knowing local history affects a learned air when he tells the history of the local church, built on the site of an ancient pagan shrine; a child, bolder than the rest, comes up to ask the woman interpreter, who is wearing slacks, whether she is a man or a woman.

Again, in a low voice, a local official inquires politely: "Who is this American professor? What is he doing in our village?" When he is told that the professor is interested in understanding the Greek people, and in telling Americans about them, he finds it hard to believe. "You mean," someone asks, "that he has come all the way from America to visit our village? Please tell the professor that we are greatly honored." One man adds, "I've lived here sixty-seven years and during none of that time has a Greek professor ever come to visit us." A woman related to the coffee-

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

on the land they farmed.[8] Despite these economic disadvantages, the Greek peasants, in the 1960s as well as in the 1920s, kept on living in villages. The talk of "saving time" has little appeal, since the villagers move in a time sequence quite unrelated to the concept of the industrialized West. They ask, "Save time for what?" As an aside, it is of interest to note that whereas the Greek villager becomes bored when one talks of saving time, he listens intently when one suggests ways of increasing his income, adding to his food supply, or helping him meet his taxes.

Another deterrent to the settlement on the independent farmsteads was noted by Henry Morgenthau, who had been United States Ambassador to Turkey (1913–16) before serving as Chairman of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission, established by the League of Nations. He called it the "hiving" habit of Greek families, which led those coming from one village in Asia Minor to try to relocate together in a new community in Greece. His observations, though couched in superlatives, are well worth repeating:

> The Greek character has special qualities that had to be taken into account [in resettlement]. Like his ancestors, the modern Greek is an intense individualist. Interference with his personal independence, or his freedom to order his life in his own way, is sharply resented. Every Greek has his own ideas about everything and hesitates neither to express them nor to act upon them. He would be quite impossible to manage were not this disintegrating characteristic counterbalanced by his equally intense social instinct. He is the most gregarious of human beings and will not live where he cannot foregather in the evening with his fellows. The daily gatherings in the local café are as dear to the heart of the Greek as were the weekly gatherings at the meeting house to the Puritans of old — and for many of the same reasons. . . .[9]

Furthermore, as Morgenthau also pointed out, new houses could be provided much more quickly and inexpensively in a village setting than if each house had to be constructed all by itself at considerable distance from all other houses.

Reconstruction also had to be carried out after World War II and the close of the guerrilla war. Along with this there was some relocation of villages because the old sites were considered too inaccessible or the means of livelihood too precarious. One such place was Menithi, on the seacoast of Western Greece, where three hundred families were settled between 1949 and 1951. They had come from two communities in the mountains about five or six hours' walk away. Their home villages had been destroyed three times: by the Italians, then by the Germans, and finally by the Communist Antartes. The peasants were primarily agricultural and livestock producers but knew nothing of the sea. As we talked with them in the plateia, within a stone's throw of the sea, some of the men asked, "What do we shepherds know about fishing?" and others, with disgust in their

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos

[Winter]

children stop going to school and they get together to prepare for their caroling. When they have sung, then they divide what they have gathered as gifts. If it's a nice day, they play outside and go also to the flocks. The man follows his regular schedule from home to the coffeehouse. They also go to church. When the weather becomes clear, even if it's February, slowly the tasks start. One goes plowing, the other prunes, another carries fodder or wood; others plant trees. Those who need to plant vineyards start preparing the branches. The women continue weaving and darning; they still do not undertake outside jobs. They start these when the men need hands. To the shops the man will go only in the evening. There the teacher comes; they all sit together, while he reads the paper. Everybody listens but few understand. The teacher finishes with the paper, then the shopowner, not wishing to waste kerosene on a group ordering no drinks, bangs a piece of wood on a bench and turns down the light. If we haven't gone he puts it out completely. As we go out it's pitch dark. Some fall in the mud; others curse, and some go here and there. As winter comes to an end we have Carnival. Then we kill the pig, then we have our dances near the church, then we enjoy ourselves in the houses.

Spring. When spring comes other tasks start. Then women start to help outside too. They go to the gardens and plant potatoes, spring onions, beans, tomatoes and vegetable marrows, cucumbers, and so on. When some damage has been done during the winter to our hedges or homes then is the time for repairs. And when we want to build then is the time because the weather improves. The children go to school and can play their games; in spring the fireplace does not burn during daytime. We light a fire in the evening when we come back from our work and we can rest and get warmed up. The fireplace burns in the evenings up to Easter. From then onwards, summer starts. Up to Holy Tuesday we must have finished our work; on Holy Wednesday we do not work; on Holy Thursday we may do something; after that we prepare ourselves for Easter.

Then we slaughter our lambs, we hold the big dance near the church; then the girls show their beauty and their charms, and the men their manliness. During those days we also visit the chapels and, after the local mass, we start dancing. We dance and we are merry. After Easter we start our tasks in the fields and in vineyards, as we have mentioned previously. Then the women help too. And they do the same type of work as the men. If we have to leave somebody in the house it's all right. Otherwise, if the children return from school they get hold of a piece of bread and sit to eat it by themselves. You can imagine what happens. When the children are many, it's topsy-turvy; when the mother comes back in the evening she pulls her hair; she doesn't know where to start. She starts beating them and murmurs to herself. The men who like the coffeehouse go there as soon as they re-

1:Sanders Z-5H (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponneses

221 512 turn; some to hear some news, others to buy a cigarette. Many have their evening meals before and go afterwards.

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[241] *Summer.* As soon as *Theristes* [June: the Harvester] begins we start preparing ourselves for harvesting. One looks for an extra workman, others prepare their sickles, we all mix ourselves into the harvest tasks. Nobody remains at home. The children come and help too in the carrying. During summertime school is closed. They have their examinations in the presence [876] of the entire village; they recite poems and give dramatic sketches. This is done on a Sunday after church inside the school.

[241] When we have good harvests we start threshing; then we winnow; then we sack the wheat and put it in our storerooms. The straw we carry into our storage huts. After these jobs are finished we go to the mountains to cut wood and we water the maize. During summer the big festival of St. 221 Elias takes place. All the village is in an upheaval. When we have returned 796 from the Church of St. Elias we all start dancing and are merry. Lots of 535 people come from other villages. The musicians play all day and night. During the summer evenings under the moonlight the women gather with the girls and the children on the threshing floors, in courtyards, and wherever there is an opening. And they "nightspin." There they sing songs, tell jokes, ask riddles, say tongue twisters. The small children and girls play all kinds of games and end with dancing.

Fall. As fall starts, the big festival of Panagia, the 8th of *Trygetes* [September: the Grape Gatherer] comes. The dance and merriment last until dawn. Music does not stop for one minute. After our festival follows that 221 of Mazeika [a nearby town]. There we buy what we need: livestock, wool, 241 clothes, equipment for the house, agricultural implements, and whatever else. But in order to buy we have to sell. For that reason we sell walnuts [438] and wheat. What else can we sell? We haven't got anything. The walnuts [432] we gathered before the festival. When the festival has come to an end we start our work again. Then we gather our beans, we pick our grapes, we [273] press them, we put our wines to ferment, harvest our maize and husk it and place it in wooden cases, and we get ready to sow our wheat. We prepare our agricultural equipment and our seed and we wait for rain. When it has rained we start sowing up to Christmas. In fall also we open our wines [273] and down there in our basement a great merriment goes on.

221 82 The life in our village is all work and a hard lot. If God wants us and our animals to eat we do so; if it rains we will sow; if there is *Livas* [hot south wind] our crops are scorched; if God throws sickness on our vineyards we do not eat grapes; if the grasshopper comes we have a disaster; if we have little water during the summer our maize doesn't grow. God is regulating our lives, and if you dare 4o, don't believe in Him and don't

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

reveal only some of the traits of the husband-wife relationship in rural Greece. It is equally important to see how this partnership operates day by day, season by season, year by year, for it is in the sharing of a common life, with its hardships and flashing joys, that this companionship based on mutual respect is fashioned. Great is the wife's satisfaction if her husband is considered a good provider. If he is, people say: "Tes dinei tou pouliou to gala" (He brings the bird's milk to her), or "Kai tou pouliou to gala echei" (She even has the milk of the bird). Such phrases go back to the practice of serving eggs beaten in milk to the sick, thereby showing that good care is being taken.

The wife, in addition to watching her own behavior toward her husband, is also responsible for seeing that the children are respectful. The lessons learned in the younger years tends to persist through adolescence into adulthood. Once while sitting at a meal in a Greek home I noticed the young man leave the table. Curious about his exit, I asked: "Where is Petros going?" The father, with a pleased look on his face, said: "He is going out to smoke a cigarette. He does not smoke in front of me." And wherever I went I asked young men singly or in groups whether or not they smoked in the presence of their fathers and found only a small fraction that broke this taboo. To be sure, in some villages and in some homes the young man no longer takes a trek outside if he wants a smoke, but he knows he is going against an old established custom. In one group of nineteen young men, for instance, only three said they would smoke in front of their fathers; in another group of twenty-eight, again only three said they would do so.

The son also shows respect for his father by not going to the same coffeehouse where his father is or is apt to go, but there are regional variations. In villages of the Pelion (near Volos, Thessaly) a man may take his son or even his wife to the coffeehouse, but in the words of the commandant of gendarmerie there "they may act this way near Volos but in my village in Boeotia it would be a great shame if the father and his son were in the same coffeehouse, and no woman would think of entering." As a general rule, even fewer of the young men would accompany their fathers to a coffeehouse than would smoke in their presence. In some of the smaller villages the people say that they do not have enough cafés and so the possibility of the two generations staying apart is not very great.

But on every hand there are signs that the formal etiquette governing respect is breaking down. One well-informed official near Salonica said, "The basic Greek tradition of showing respect for elders is weakening. Now you see boys teaching their fathers how to play backgammon and cards. In the United States you would think this fine but over here our system is patriarchal, and the young American starts life outside the home at an earlier age." A folklorist pointed out that in the past the reverence for Greek customs was looked on as necessary for national survival, especially under the Turks and when people were isolated.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

the Gospel and the cross is brought out to the center of the church where people can kiss it, place flowers before it, and show their sorrow over the crucifixion which has been called to their mind. Eggs are dyed red on this day, which is sometimes called Red Thursday, thus symbolizing the blood of Christ.

Good Friday is a holy day on which no one works. The women pick flowers with which to decorate the holy shroud (*Epitaphios*) or sacred icon. All day long the coffeehouses are closed and the people abstain from alcoholic drinks, olives, fish roe, or leavened bread. The evening church service lasts from eight to midnight. One of its features is the carrying of the flower-bedecked Epitaphios in a sacred funeral procession through the streets of the village. The priests in their rich robes, the altar boys, and the congregation walk solemnly as though they were actually burying their Lord. The procession goes around the church before the simulated bier is brought to rest before the church door at such a height that the worshippers can pass under it into the church, crossing themselves as they do so.

On Saturday members of the household prepare the Paschal lamb. A few attend the services from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., but almost everybody attends the evening service. The bells summon the people at 11 P.M. and by 11:30 the congregation has gathered. At midnight, when the sacred fire supposedly descends from heaven and the glorious Easter hymn *Christos Aneste* bursts forth in joy, people hurry to light their candles, shoot off the firecrackers they have brought for the purpose, and greet each other with *Christos aneste* (Christ is risen) and expect the answer *Alethos aneste* (Risen indeed). The service may continue to daybreak, but many of the people go home much earlier, each carrying his lighted taper with him. Upon arriving at the house, the worshipper uses the taper to smudge a black cross on the lintel. In some villages it is customary earlier in the day to make a cross on the door from the blood of the Paschal lamb. Once back home, the family ends the long Lenten fast by eating the red-dyed Easter eggs and *mageirites*, a highly seasoned stew made of the lamb's visceral organs. The lamb, which has not been sufficiently roasted on the spit, is eaten later in the day, not only by the members of the family but by the many guests and relatives who have come back to the village from their homes in the city.

All of Monday and the afternoon of Tuesday following Easter are considered national holidays. By Wednesday people can get back to their regular tasks. Religious ceremonies and festivals have added a meaningful dimension to their lives and have reminded them of the long continuity which links them with their ancestors who, as they see it, became the guardians and proponents of pristine Christianity, which lives on in their own Orthodox Church.

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[P 205]

[XI]

The Village Coffeehouse

Eventually the coffeehouse, instead of being merely the setting for many lively conversations about village life, became an object of interest in its own right. It, too, is a village institution which takes its rank along with the school and the church. The coffeehouse, or *kaphenion*, is more than just a structure. Like the English pub, it is a place of assembly, a communication center, a place to transact business, satisfy one's thirst, or find out about the health of one's friend.

Most coffeehouses are located near the main square or at some crossroads where things are apt to happen. They find their fullest development in the cities. In the early evening, the time of day when Washington "rolls up its sidewalks" and becomes quieter and quieter, the squares of Athens, the Greek capital, literally burst into life. Constitution Square, for instance, after hundreds of chairs, which have been stacked during the day, are set up around small tables, the waiters begin their hazardous dashes back and forth across the busy street to the food shops which line the square. Their frenetic activity contrasts with the leisurely attack by the patrons upon the small cup of sweet, sirupy coffee and glass of water before them, although a conversation at some table may reach such proportions that one becomes oblivious to the automobile horns, the radio blaring out some popular tune, or the clink of spoons on a glass as people try to attract the attention of a waiter.

1:Sanders Z-5M (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

275 369 Transposed to a rural setting, the coffeehouse seems rude by comparison, its patrons less well dressed, but it meets the same needs. In the village it has a variety of forms.

Coffeehouse Types

275 443 The coffeehouse, as used in this description, comes in at least three assorted forms. One form is the shop or small variety store which sells some merchandise and serves drinks as well. A second form concentrates on drinks alone, alcoholic and nonalcoholic. A third specializes in coffee and sweets and usually serves little if any alcoholic beverages. As one would expect, the larger the village, the greater the likelihood of finding the second and third types. To understand the social utility of the first type one must travel to a small village, such as Psathotopi on the Arta Plains.[1]

[162] Psathotopi, with less than four hundred people, has three coffeehouses which are the only business establishments in the community. Each sells a few articles in addition to the coffee and ouzo. Women who want needles [562] or marcaroni either go or send their children to the shops' windows to make the purchases, for they are not allowed to enter the shops, which are man's 275 domain. The least prepossessing of the shops, interestingly enough, is the 443 meeting place of the community officers. It is a branch-covered hut, four by five yards in size, which has no chairs or tables inside but only benches 347 along the walls. Coffee, ouzo, and a few articles are sold here by the proprietor, who is also the church sexton. A second shop, of mud and reed construction, is larger (four by twelve yards) and contains four tables and six chairs, plus benches around the walls. Again, the merchandise consists of coffee, ouzo, and a few articles. The third shop, considered the best, is rented from the church. It is six by nine yards in size, of mud brick and stone construction. Its stock of merchandise is a little larger and it serves [262] Turkish delight as a special attraction. This shop has five tables, twelve chairs, and more benches than the other two. In other words, these three shops represent the local commerce of Psathotopi.

[162] In the Peloponnesos, when there was a lull in the conversation at a shop of three by five yards in a village of about six hundred, I noted what this emporium contained. On hand were cigarettes, Turkish delight, flints, ouzo, brandy, horseshoe nails, macaroni, kerosene lamp wicks, bobby pins, needles, thread, candy, sugar, and coffee. There was the customary counter, two tables and five benches around the walls. The kerosene lamp cast a kindly [373] glow about the place, contrasting with the dark unlit village streets of a winter night. A wood stove, fed charily, provided warmth. When I passed this same shop in the daytime, I realized what an ideal spot its front courtyard provided for basking when the sun shone in the winter and for shade during the summer when patrons could sit under the plane tree and watch the women come to the fountain for water. All that was needed was a

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

supporting Greek version of "Standing on the Corner, Watching All the Girls Go By."

Or, in Northern Greece and the Grammos Mountains, one would find in the village of Kotili, with about six hundred people, that there were two shops which sold cigarettes and coffee.[9] A score of the men, in addition to being farmers and shepherds, were woodworkers; another score were masons, and one was a cobbler. That represented the specialization of that village, since all the other men were farmers-shepherds-laborers. But it is at coffeehouses such as those in Kotili, close by the border, that one gains an insight into the real meaning of Balkan politics. For here the older villagers will tell the visitor of the days back in the first decade of the century when Bulgarian *komitadjis*, while the area was still under Turkey, came to try to persuade the people to join the Bulgarian cause. But the people remained loyal to the orders of their church authorities and resisted the efforts of the Bulgarians to enroll their local children in special schools or to enlist the adults in a premature revolt against the Turks. As one listens to the stories of violence and national struggle, the surrounding mountains which at first seemed peaceful begin to assume a brooding look. And one learns that national traditions are preserved and passed on in the coffeehouse, with the old men telling the eager young men of the price that was paid to keep them Greek.

Vamvakia, on the Serrai plains, provides a final illustration of the combined variety shop–coffeehouse.[9] This village, too, numbers about six hundred people and has as its only business a cheese-making establishment and three coffeehouses. There is also one cartiage maker who farms as well. The merchandise for the shops is brought from Serrai by the bus driver, who takes in the orders and brings back the supplies for a small fee. These coffeehouses are of brick and clay-mud construction and have the usual equipment of small tables and chairs. Two of them have battery radios for the entertainment of the customers. Coffee is the usual beverage, while ouzo and soda drinks (in summer) are also popular. Spoon sweets, such as vanilla or fruit preserves, are often sold.

We may conclude, therefore, that in most villagers of less than a thousand people one will generally find coffeehouses of the combined variety-shop type. Although the women may now and then view them as shops, the men almost invariably think of them as coffeehouses. This social function outweighs any economic function they might possess.

As size increases, say to more than a thousand people, the variety shops and grocery stores become separate establishments and the coffeehouse devotes itself almost exclusively to serving beverages. This is what most Greeks would consider the typical village coffeehouse, although the relative numbers of each kind are not known.

The specialized coffeehouses can frequently accommodate fifty to seventy

1:Sanders Z-5.4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

[The Village Coffeehouse]

people without any great difficulty. Many of the buildings are rented by the proprietors either from some owner who built them as an investment or from the community, which derives income from the structure. In a Macedonian village of Kimine, twenty-four miles from Salonica, there are three coffeehouses:

> All have adequate furniture, little tables and chairs being the standard coffeehouse equipment. All are fortunate to have battery radios also. . . . The largest coffeehouse is a community building and is rented from the community. Most of the village's middle-aged men frequent here. . . . The second coffeehouse is also rented, this time from a private owner. This coffeehouse is smaller and much neater than the previous one. Here we usually find the old men of the village, sitting around and quietly drinking and talking. The third coffeehouse is the meeting place of all the younger men in the village. This is a new building, pleasant and big.[4]

The third type of coffeehouse, found much more frequently where urban influences are strong, seldom sells ouzo and other alcoholic drinks, not because of any temperance drives, but because it caters to those who prefer coffee and an occasional sweet. This type is much more apt to be patronized by women, often in the company of a husband or father. Elsewhere in the village or town will be found *tavernas*, where wine — often that produced by the owner for his own clientele — is served in an outside courtyard with food. Many travelers to Greece have commented on the moderate use of alcoholic beverages in that country and have often pointed out that they never saw more than one or two drunk people during their whole sojourn.

But all three types of coffeehouses — the combined variety shop, the drink emporium, where liquor is served as well as coffee, and the urban type where only coffee is served — are important for reasons other than what is consumed. That is secondary, for many villagers visit a coffeehouse without buying a single drink or sweet.

Coffeehouse Attractions

As I sat in scores of Greek coffeehouses I wondered, in looking around me, why these particular men were present at this time and what the rest of the village men were doing. I also tried to find out why certain men, perhaps five or six, were talking to each other around one table while another five or six were in earnest conversation around another table. And here and there I would find a smaller group of two or three seriously intent upon some point of discussion. What formed the nucleus of each group? Did the same people tend to cluster together each time they came to the coffeehouse? This was more than idle curiosity on my part, for I knew that the answer to such questions would reveal a great deal about how public opinion was formed in the village, opinion which in turn would be directly related to Greek national policy and even to Greek-American relations. In

1:Sanders Z-5.4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

the Greek coffeehouses we find the equivalent of what Chester Bowles has referred to as the "tea house jury": 275 521 208

> One evening in Taipeh I asked a world-wise old Chinese diplomat what he thought would happen on the mainland. "Have you ever been to China?" he asked. When I said that I had not, he said, "In every one of China's one million villages is a tea house. Every day at the tea hour the people, especially the wise people of the village, gather to talk.
>
> "Chiang lost," the old man continued, "because this great 'tea house jury' decided that he had failed. The villagers came to believe that the Communists could do no worse, and they might be better.
>
> "Someday perhaps the 'tea house jury' will bring a verdict against Mao. Then China will be ready for a change." *

Although my study of the Greek coffeehouse never got beyond the introductory stage, I felt fortunate indeed to find that the investigation by John Photiadis of Stavroupolis in Macedonia had addressed itself to many of the specific questions in which I had been interested.* No one would claim that all of his findings for one village in Northern Greece would automatically apply to the whole country, but they do possess enough generality to provide some penetrating insight. For example, his discussion * of the coffeehouse attractions are most helpful. 275 521

The primary appeal is *kouvenda*, or conversation, explained as follows: 275

> *Kouvenda* means conversation without any particular purpose, a recognized form of "passing the time." It is rarely desultory, or the mere exchange of ideas or description of events, or delving into the past in a quiet manner. But sometimes it is contrapuntal virtuosity, incisive, combative, loud, a statement or a question is countered by a challenging question, tact and gentleness have no part, insults are hurled, but within appropriate limits. A discussion is a battle of personal opinions, and its end is neither to reach truth nor to reach a conclusion; its end is sheer enjoyment of vigorous speech. But whatever impression this occupation of passing the time makes on someone who is a stranger to this custom, to these people it is their enjoyment. It constitutes one of the attractions that makes the coffeehouse a necessity for the villager.

521 571

Photiadis points out that during the kouvenda the participant is involved emotionally, is not only trying to prove his point but is also enjoying this oratory. The irresponsible statements are not to be taken seriously, although they sometimes are, with unfortunate consequences. In this connection, I was always interested in what the men argued about most in the village coffeehouses and found that they did not discuss politics to the same extent as the denizens of the urban coffeehouses. They preferred to talk about community affairs, crops, and personalities, although the announcement about some [369]

* Relying on some of Dorothy Lee's analysis.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

275 571 [521] [273] earth-shaking political event would call forth a variety of opinions forcefully expressed.

A second attraction is drinking with one's friends. According to Photiadis:[1/4]

The alcoholic or non-alcoholic beverages tend to contribute to a considerable degree to the attraction of the coffeehouse, even though the men can drink all they want in their own homes. *Ouzo*, the alcoholic drink, is drunk only in the coffeehouse. When asked why they don't drink it at home and save money, they will answer that "*ouzo* is drunk only with good company."

275 576 593 571 561 It is interesting to remember what has already been pointed out: that a son is customarily supposed to visit a coffeehouse in which his father is not likely to be found. Although "times are changing," a breach of this custom throughout much of rural Greece would still be considered disrespectful. It may have some connection with the fact that a father, who is supposed to set a good example before his son, might find his storytelling or his convivial drinking dampened if a son were present. This is why, in village after village, where there are almost always three coffeehouses, one is favored by the old men, another by the middle-aged, and the third by the young people. Informants will say that the young people will go to their coffeeshop because one can listen to phonograph records, watch the girls pass by, or play noisy games that the older men might not tolerate. The real reason for differentiation may lie in the older traditions which originated in the men's desire to drink with their friends and equals. Photiadis in his study points out how the Greek peasant during his hours at work looks forward eagerly to the time of day when he can go "to the coffeehouse to meet his friends, have a few drinks, and continue this cycle again and again."

275 524 [273] [525] [578] A third source of pleasure in the coffeehouse is the games. Playing for drinks is common with the loser paying for them. Very rarely do they play for money since it is prohibited by law. Sometimes they become involved in a game quite emotionally and when the game is over they eagerly look forward to the next meeting. A good card player is well-known and therefore is always surrounded by others watching him. Quarrels sometimes go along with the game. Characteristic is the sarcasm of the winner, or perhaps the participants, which tends to raise their emotions.

In addition to various kinds of card games, backgammon is commonly played. Once in a while one sees a chess game in progress.

275 204 207 A fourth and very important attraction of the coffeehouse is the availability of the recent newspaper and a radio. As Photiadis says:

Non-farmers or part-time farmers stop to listen to the early news before they go to their work. During the day the older men sit for many hours in the coffeehouse listening to the radio. In the busy coffeehouse the early part of the eve-

[1/4] [Who described the Northern Greek village of Stravropolis - ANALYST]

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ning or the very late hours are the times when the people pay most attention to the radio. During the busy evening hours it is very difficult to listen to or enjoy the radio because of the noise the participants make. 204 207

The different outsiders who stop by the coffeehouse, particularly the most central and attractive one, bring news and diversion. The bus driver, a government official en route to some other village, a commission merchant after agricultural products or livestock, a stray American tourist, are links with the larger society. Frequently, some offhand remark by one such stranger, because it has the ring of authority, influences the opinions of those present and thereby the opinions of others in the village who receive the information secondhand. Not to be overlooked, of course, is the eye-witness report some fellow villager brings back from the city or a provincial town where he has gone to arrange a business or legal matter. More often than not he can hardly wait to get to the coffeehouse so that he can hold the spotlight as long as he can stretch out the account of what he saw. 275 203 521 [208]

These attractions do not begin to exhaust all the possibilities. Anyone with business to transact arranges to meet the other party or parties at a coffeehouse. One may also go to the same place for a haircut. In Kimine, all three of the coffeehouses have what passes for a barber shop in one corner. Since there is no partitioning, the barber chair, mirror, and all tonsorial activities are in full view of the coffeehouse patrons. The barber is particularly in his glory on Saturday and Sunday nights, when the coffeehouses are at their busiest. Likewise, in Anthili, in Central Greece, the three barbers there ply their trade in the coffeehouses, and so it is throughout most of rural Greece. Now and then one even comes across a singing barber who entertains when business is slack. Most coffeehouse proprietors consider him a prize asset. 275 305 443 [533]

The Coffeehouse Clientele

But knowing what attracts the villagers to the coffeehouse does not tell us who is attracted and to what coffeehouses. Nor does it give us sufficient insight into the way community decisions are reached in the coffeehouse setting. For such information we need to take a closer look at the findings for Stavroupolis: 275 571 512

> Ninety percent of the adult males of the village visit at least one of the seven coffeehouses from time to time. Almost all of these go at least 1–2 days a month throughout the year, with about four fifths going an average of at least 1–2 days a week.
>
> More people go during the summer, but those who go during the winter go more often. Most people vary their frequency from winter to summer and those who change least are obviously those who go every day.
>
> Most people spend at least an hour whenever they go to the coffeehouse, but

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they spend more than twice as much time during the non-busy period than during the busy period.

Apparently Stavroupolis also follows the pattern generally encountered throughout Greece in which the peasants spend much more time during the day in the coffeehouse in the winter months but more time during the evening hours in the summer. This of course follows the cycle of farm work.

When asked to give the reasons why they go to the coffeehouse, those with high yearly participation in Stavroupolis coffeehouses replied as follows: have nothing else to do (76 percent); to play a game (74 percent); to have a drink (64 percent); to see friends (63 percent); to hear what is new (56 percent); to talk with someone (51 percent); to go to a place where men go (25 percent). On the other hand, when all the men — not just the "high participants" — were asked to check which three of the seven reasons above were most likely to apply in their case, and the checks for each reason were computed as a percentage of all checks, the following distribution was obtained: to hear what is new (32 percent); to meet friends (26 percent); to have a drink (14 percent); to talk with someone (13 percent); to play a game (8 percent); nothing else to do (4 percent); it is the place where men go (3 percent).

These differences in response deserve a word of explanation. Apparently the high participators have gotten to the point where going to the coffeehouse is an end in itself, a habit which requires no justification other than to say that there is nothing else to do. Most men, however, try to give a more logical explanation, since they are aware that there are supposedly serious alternatives to going to the coffeehouse and that there are other things they might be doing. So more than half of all the reasons checked included the two most socially acceptable: to hear what is new and to meet friends.

But what are characteristics of those who are the "high participants"? In Stavroupolis, at least, the following facts hold true:

The higher a man's education, and particularly the higher his wife's education, the less time he spends at the coffeehouse.

Older people participate more than younger people.

People of higher economic efficiency participate more than those of low economic efficiency.

Nonfarmers participate more than part-time farmers, and part-time farmers more than farmers.

The most frequent participants are also apt to be leaders in the village organizations.

Furthermore, more high participants look unfavorably upon farming and living in the village than do low participants.

The native-born participate much less than do the settlers from eastern Thrace

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or Asia Minor who moved into the village in the 1920s, thus showing that participation may have something to do with cultural traditions. 275 571

These factors associated with participation may themselves be related to others which have not been spelled out. Then, too, the fact that participation increases with age would also be tied in with the leadership in organizations, since young people seldom attain official positions. Although findings such as these have to be tested in many ways before they become accepted generalizations, they do at least suggest some fruitful leads for further research.

Of equal interest is the reason the peasants give for going to one coffeehouse instead of another. Other accounts of village life had listed cleanliness, reputation, honesty, services provided, and the credit extended as the determining factors in the choice of coffeehouses. [452]

One village study reports as follows:

> Determining factors in the choice of a coffeehouse are the reputation of the owner, his cleanliness, honesty, and the extent of credit given to customers. Social class of an individual does not determine choice of a coffeehouse. An outsider coming to the village for the first time may visit any coffeehouse, but gradually as he becomes acquainted with the village people he will be drawn to a certain shop according to his interests, age, associates, etc.[7]

In this same village one coffeehouse is preferred by aged people. Youngsters, noisy people, and those who play technical games such as cards, chess, and checkers are not found there. A second coffeehouse is preferred by adult and old people, while all the younger people of the village gather in the third coffeehouse, which is popular because of the different games available there and because of its dance floor. This latter innovation means that girls, in the company of their parents or relatives, may visit this particular coffeehouse on Sunday afternoons or holidays in order to dance both the traditional folk dances and what passes in rural areas for modern dances. [535] [562]

One additional study is worth mentioning because it summarizes the type of patronage a village's seven coffeehouses enjoy:

A. Frequented by out-of-towners and employees
B. Employees, strangers, workers in village
C. Dance floor, so attracts mostly young men
D. Adult and old men of village
E. Village residents — not young men
F. Card-playing, so frequented mostly by young men
G. Outdoor coffeehouse — frequented by young men in summer.[8]

A villager will usually patronize the coffeehouse of which a relative is in charge so that he can get credit more easily, or simply give his trade to [602] [452]

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275 571 602 452 the relative upon whom he might need to call at a later date. Many men are careful to visit two or more shops from time to time "so as not to offend any of the proprietors." Also, as one informant put it, "The peasant comes from the field, washes up, goes for a drink to a coffeehouse where he might be tied by blood, but in order to do business he goes to other coffeehouses to find people with whom to arrange use of animals for plowing, etc., and will stop for a drink with these people."

275 571 573 Anyone trying to understand the sociology of Greek village life needs to pay special attention to these coffeehouse groups. First of all, the regular patrons of each coffeehouse can be viewed as a group whose members possess certain bonds in common. They have heard many of the same stories; they have learned to react in almost the same way to the buffoon, the over-important person, and the fellow villager constantly seeking sympathy. Although they may frequent a second coffeehouse, they are apt to feel a primary loyalty to their first choice and will find any number of reasons to justify their opinion that it is the best coffeehouse in the village.

275 573 609 242 This general group, however, most of the time is broken down into cliques, varying in size from two during the day to as many as seven persons by evening. Each group has its own informal leader. According to Photiadis: "The informal leader in the coffeehouse gives the other members of his clique group his advice and the satisfaction that they are associating with a person of higher status, while he has the satisfaction of performing his role, the dynamic aspect of his status, which is his reward." Therefore, when some outsider, such as an agricultural agent, approaches the farmers at a particular table, the informal leader considers him a rival. "The agent is a person of higher status who can talk about things the others cannot. This exclusive selling of ideas makes the informal leader feel that his authority is lowered in the eyes of his subordinates, and as a result, he fears that he will lose the satisfaction he has had." No wonder, then, that he is very likely to oppose the ideas which the agricultural agent is trying to advance.

275 573 521 208 203 Of special interest is the way news spreads from one clique to the next as part of the community-wide decision on some proposal new to the village. Photiadis takes as an illustration the use of a new insecticide which had been demonstrated by the agricultural agent to a number of farmers earlier in the day:

> The cliques which have members who have seen the demonstration will start discussing the matter and, after a series of objections and agreements, they will probably reach a decision or have split decisions. The opinion of the informal leader during this discussion has a considerable influence on certain members.
>
> Around the table of each clique there are usually one or more persons belonging to other cliques, or there are isolates sitting with the clique. These "isolates" . . . often move from table to table exchanging ideas or presenting the

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decision of the previous group as their own. The store owner and the waiter, who know everyone's business, present the opinion of the group on the matter while they are serving them. In this way the uninformed cliques are informed of the matter and the others have a new aspect of the topic for discussion if it differs from their own. Through this process, each clique's opinion diffuses through the coffeehouse. The rate of this diffusion varies according to the importance of the topic. If the subject is more important than usual, the leaders will find some means of discussing it among themselves, or a number of people may ask the opinion of informal leaders belonging to other cliques.

But the matter does not rest there. Many people move from one coffeehouse to another and introduce as their own the general consensus prevailing in the coffeehouse from which they have come. Thus, the men of the community tend to form a "public opinion" on a matter, frequently basing their decisions on either flimsy or inaccurate evidence. They prefer to be psychologically related to what others in their clique or coffeehouse think rather than to be individualistic and out of step with the rest. Truly, there is in Greece a "coffeehouse jury."

The Coffeehouse as a Mixed Blessing

The coffeehouse has its critics throughout Greece. Those responsible for improving the economic situation cite the economic disadvantages resulting from the unproductive expenditures at the coffeehouse as well as the many hours wasted there. This is recognized as a regional matter, for in many villages, such as those on Mount Pelion near Volos, one seldom sees people at the coffeehouse during the day. But in many of the mountain villages elsewhere, where economic opportunities are particularly lacking, more time is spent in such places.

Some oppose the coffeehouse on moral grounds. From time to time wives berate their husbands — not for economic inefficiency — but for drinking too much ouzo or for gambling away money that the family desperately needs. It also is said to corrupt youth. The nomarch of Thessalonike, Kostis Koukourides, pointed out: "The coffeehouses are our misfortune. I have two objections to them: the lost time and the bad habits of drinking and gambling. They also corrupt the youth, for in earlier times a boy had to be twenty-five years of age to go into the coffeehouse and would then never sit with the elders. Now he does so, which shows that he is losing respect for his elders."

Schoolteachers and agricultural-extension workers, although admitting that the coffeehouse can at times serve as a useful forum, generally think of it as a place where much misinformation spreads. It irritates an agricultural worker to think that he has persuaded a peasant to adopt some new farm practice only to learn the next day that the peasant has decided against it

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

because of a conversation the previous evening with his cronies at the coffeehouse. One villager got to the crux of the matter: "In the coffeehouse we get into arguments over our political leaders and don't attend to our fields. We do this because we are uneducated and people do little to help us, and so we spend our time on foolish things. The government doesn't send people here to instruct us; we are farming the way our fathers did."

With the spread of the program of agricultural extension, perhaps this peasant can no longer legitimately make the same complaint, but the chances are that the men of his village are still arguing about many matters and, perhaps in his opinion, spending their time on "foolish things."

Even the critics admit that there are still many conditions which encourage the men to patronize the coffeehouse quite apart from the attractions already described. For most village men, home is a most unattractive place in the evening. Dimly lit, poorly heated in cold weather, dominated by women and their silly prattle, the home cannot begin to compete with the masculine company found at the coffeehouse. Furthermore, most men can think up perfectly valid reasons (in their opinion, at least) for going to the coffeehouse: they have a business matter to talk over; they want to know how some world crisis is shaping up; they need some advice on a farming decision.

Should they be found at the coffeehouse during the daytime, when conscientious farmers might be finding something worthwhile to do, they do not experience many twinges of conscience. They are not pricked by any Puritan ethic that teaches them constantly to be busy; instead, they save their energies for the time and place where it is unquestionably in their interest to work hard and long. When no such occasion presents itself, what more could a man ask than to enjoy his leisure, unplanned and unsought though it be? Nor does he think that it is up to him to seek out productive uses of his time. If people have good employment opportunities, they will seek him out, and he will respond. If he is from the tobacco-growing districts, the chances are that he has put his only resources (wife and children) to work for him and can take his ease until he must return to see how the work has progressed. He has no idle capital to invest but does his best with the human labor at his command. When heavy work is required, he will do his part, but when that is done others can harvest, string, and manipulate the tobacco. He provides the entrepreneurial skill.

Perhaps the coffeehouse and the attitudes of its habitués clash more strongly with American value orientations than do any other aspects of village life. To the Greek peasant, to be idle is no sin; to converse in the kouvenda can be as satisfying as to be a spectator sportsman; to seek to learn "what's new" if you live in a village is just as worthy as the search for novelty which motivates many in the United States. To get away from the women, the Greek peasant does not have to go on a long hunting trip to

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Maine or a fishing shack on the river; he simply goes to his coffeehouse. To feel important, he needs only to provide some morsel of news which others may not have heard or to give words of wisdom to those younger men who seek his counsel. He has a club — something which the middle-class American male does not possess and for which he constantly seeks substitutes.

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631 642 this is to be worked out puzzles Greek politicians as much as it does American politicians interested in United States counties, laid out in horse-and-buggy days and ill adapted to today's rapid-transit world. In any combination, one center will gain and the other lose, a fact which has local political repercussions in a democratic system. Some of these become apparent as one views the work of the community council and its president.

The Community Council

207 In Phrangista, a mountain village of Central Greece, I was shaken out of pleasant contemplation as two loudspeakers on the village square suddenly began to inform one and all of the latest news of the day.

275 243 247 This was in the spring of 1953, and we were on a coffeeshop verandah newly made of concrete. Across the dusty thoroughfare, some hens had discovered wheat sheaves drying in front of the house of the carpenter; next door, potted geraniums were blooming in the window of a handsome stone house. We were shut in from the outside world by hazy mountains.

262 The proprietor's wife and daughter had just brought us preserved walnut sweets in a spoon with the traditional glass of water. One spooned the sweets, gulped the water, and commented on the good flavor of the walnuts preserved before they had fully ripened. And then came the radio. These

207 177 loudspeakers, sounding forth noon and evening, featured the broadcasts from Ioannina, Patras, and Athens. The radio, obviously much more powerful than the battery sets frequently encountered in the ordinary coffeehouse, aroused my curiosity. I turned to the president of the community

[422] council, who was sitting nearby. He told me that the radio was community-owned, that it had been placed there by the American Mission, and that it had "brought civilization" to that place. But the more I talked with him, the more I realized that bringing in civilization through this medium created some local administrative problems.

The American Mission, preferring to distribute the radio directly to the local authorities rather than through a regular government ministry, stipulated that the community would have to provide the gasoline for the motor which furnished the energy for the radio. So the first problem was to find the money to buy the gasoline, which cost a great deal by the time it was transported over the mountains from Lamia. A second problem was locating someone (in this case, two teen-aged boys) who could operate the complicated machine and tune in the radio. The president proudly reported that on the previous day a screw had worked loose and the program was temporarily interrupted — but only temporarily — for these competent youngsters quickly found the trouble and replaced the screw.

623 653 651 727 Before I left Phrangista, the president wanted me to see the church which the villagers had recently rebuilt. It had been completely and deliberately destroyed by the Nazis. The archbishop had given some funds for its res-

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631 This led into a discussion of some of the kinds of conflict which occur in
634 the community and the part the nomarch has to play in resolving them. The
578 location of a new village church sometimes becomes an issue. Many arguments are not based on any vested interest in a particular spot but on the individuals' assessment of what would in actuality be the best spot. In order to get proof that his idea is better than other ideas, a person will leave his farm work or close up his shop and go to the city where he can get the advice of some authority whom he can quote to support him. Or several villagers in disagreement will decide to go to the nomarch to get his opinion.

631 On another occasion I went with the nomarch of Kozane to visit a village
634 for which he had responsibility. The agriculturist for this nomos, who had
623 come with us, introduced many of the peasants to the nomarch before the
653 meeting began at the schoolhouse. Eventually the meeting got started. The nomarch, flanked on one side by the council president and on the other by the council secretary, got down to business in a most direct way. One man got up and described the condition of his home, in which he said
[727] he was ashamed to live. This village had been destroyed by the guerrillas and the need for help had been great. Because he had a special file for each village in his nomos, the nomarch knew that when he took office 75 percent of all the houses needed rebuilding but that now that figure had dropped to 29 percent. He reminded them that in his nomos there were four thousand families without housing or even an elementary roof over their heads, but said he would see what could be done. He then found out what they expected to do with the self-help program based on voluntary contributions of labor. He reminded them that on two occasions the state had given them about $1700 to help in the construction of a road to the village and that, in view of their present need, he would see if he could get another grant. This time he would pay wages so that they might have some much-needed income.

631 When we emerged from the crowded schoolhouse, I noticed that about
634 twenty men had stood outside trying to overhear what was going on. The
275 nomarch stopped to talk to some of them. When we had climbed into a truck which was to take us across a muddy patch to our cars half-a-mile away, the black-robed priest came running up, an unkempt, unattractive fellow, to make a last-minute complaint to the nomarch. "Sir," he shouted, "did you know that the coffeehouse proprietor is now opening up on Sundays before the church service is over, which is contrary to the law?" The crowd looked amazed and eagerly waited to see how the nomarch would handle this troublesome complaint. He replied: "My good fellow, you go on and give them good enough sermons, and then the men won't want to go to the coffeehouse during church time."

631 Reference to one other nomarch will be enough to show the type of men
634 who were filling that post in 1953. Mr. Aronis was the nomarch of Kala-
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1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

626 [577] others present, for there are prescribed roles that go with the position one holds at a given time. Social control tends to enforce the playing of these prescribed roles and to discourage the highly individualistic variations to which others are not prepared to respond.

Without attempting to trace the complete system of operating controls in a Greek village, I shall mention some of the methods encountered as supplements to many already dealt with in earlier chapters.

682 627 The most far-reaching controls have to do with the taking of human life. Today in most parts of Greece this has passed into the hands of the police and the legal system, but some generations ago it was common for family members to think that they themselves should deal with anyone who killed a kinsman.

From time to time, I would ask in a village whether any serious crimes had been committed and would hear of an isolated case — such as the woman who, a few years ago, as the result of a boundary dispute, had picked up a stone and killed a man, thereafter being put in jail for a year or so. Usually, people said, the relatives help settle disputes.

626 [685] Or, when I asked what would happen locally if a person were caught stealing, I was told: "We don't have such people here. If anyone did steal the villagers would exclude him; they would ostracize him so he couldn't stand it. They would also take him to court."

But for most villagers the controls deal with behavior which is not considered criminal. Photiadis shows one way in which this operates:

[593] [834] The father is the leader, and family members want to please him, and he in turn takes care of the whole family. If a mother sees her adolescent daughter mingling with boys more than is expected, she will reprimand her by saying "you are ridiculing your father," or "the men at the coffeehouse will laugh at you."[8]

[275] He contends that the coffeehouse operates as a social control over the family through the father, "who is confronted directly by the opinions of the cliques that form it and operate as reference groups for the rest of the population in the village." It is also true that social control operates in much the same way for the women through the neighborhood "gossiping groups."

[291] Even in Athens one is aware that the social controls from the village still pursues the individual. A Greek friend asked her dressmaker why she did not wear dresses with short sleeves and was told that she could not. "But don't you get hot?" "Oh, I would rather get hot," replied the dressmaker, "than have people gossiping about me in the village."

A group of village girls in a special course at Pierce College near Athens, when asked what the people of their communities would do if anyone went counter to prevailing norms, compiled this list:

2:Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

west but on the same side of the road is Vasilika's cemetery. It is a small square area outlined by tall cypresses standing just inside the low stone wall which encloses the graves and the small church of St. Nicholas. Mass is said in this church in celebration of the birthday of its patron saint on December 6th. Sunday afternoon Easter services and funeral ceremonies are also held there.

Past the cemetery the road turns east, runs through the village, and constitutes its main street. Almost all the buildings of Vasilika are ranged for about one-fifth of a mile on both sides of this dirt road. Most of the houses are on the ridge side of the road; a single row of structures lines the field side. As one continues east on the village street and looks to the right on the field side of the road, he first sees fields and then the old school building. The next structure is the main church of the village, the church of St. Athanasius. It is the largest building in the settlement, and, like most of the others, it is constructed of field stone. Regular Sunday masses, Christmas and Easter services, baptisms, weddings, as well as the majority of saint's day and other special liturgies are conducted here by the village priest. The bell in the campanile of St. Athanasius summons the villagers to church, the children to school, and the men to an impromptu public meeting on the rare occasions when one is called to discuss village affairs. And, inevitably, the tolling of the bell announces the death of one of the villagers.

Separated from St. Athanasius by a very narrow alley stands a one-room structure which serves as the office for the village government. It now has a telephone, the only one in the village. Near the village headquarters and still on the field side of the road lives the owner of a combined store and coffeehouse. A ground-floor room of his house contains merchandise such as matches, cigarettes, lemons, salt, sugar, canned vegetables and fish, aspirin and penicillin, thread, and miscellaneous small items, while the outside space in front of the store is reserved for chairs and tables. From this coffeehouse, on the field side of the village, the rest of the structures are homes and their outbuildings, roughly in a line near the road.

Starting now at the western end of the village, and looking east at the ridge side of the road, one sees houses and their outbuildings occupying the lower third of the ridge. The uppermost group of homes were, in 1955, reed huts in which some of the shepherd families lived. Other reed huts served as storage houses. By 1961, the dwelling-huts had all been replaced by new brick houses, already wired for electricity but otherwise in various stages of completion. On the ridge side of the road the only buildings which are not exclusively used as residences are, first, another combined store and coffeehouse, which stands on the street diagonally opposite the first and is also a room in the house of its owner, and second, a nearly completed stone reservoir.

Finally, some two hundred feet past the last house and slightly up the slope, stands the small church of St. Cosmas and St. Damian, the patron saints of the village. Here the village celebrates its *paniyiri*, its patron saints' day festival, on the first of July. Mass is celebrated in the morning, and villagers from the surrounding countryside fill the small edifice to overflowing. Occasionally, other masses are said at this church in the course of the year. Except for the

2: Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

been threatened with eviction but had not responded even to this. The priest had called the men of the community together to try to get backing for his decision to evict the man. The authority was granted him on that rainy Sunday, but the shepherd finally agreed to go part way toward meeting the demand and continued to live in the house.

Religious Feast Days

If the formal organization of church affairs involves village-wide action or concern only in times of crisis, certain feasts and ceremonies of the Greek Orthodox Church certainly provide a focus of interest for the entire village at regular intervals during the year. The most conspicuous of these is the sequence of events by which the villagers celebrate Easter. The Sunday before Lent begins is the particular day which starts the holiday observances in Vasilika. After church services, children ran about in the morning trying to throw powdered soot at each other and at unsuspecting adults. Later in the day, the children and unmarried men and women dressed in costumes in preparation for the arrival of the musicians—this time there were a clarinetist, a violinist, and the player of a *sandúri* (dulcimer). Some boys and girls dressed as animals and their trainers went around in groups trying to frighten the very small children or just laughing at their own antics. The young people dressed themselves as gypsies, and some of the boys put on women's clothes and walked around with mincing steps and female gestures, while some of the girls donned men's clothes and twirled false moustaches. Throughout the afternoon and early evening the musicians sat in the *agbora* and the young people and their elders danced in the space between the two coffeehouses, as virtually all the rest of the village population sat and watched. Some spectators sat at the coffeehouse tables drinking beer or soda; others brought chairs from home to sit along the walls of the houses near the *agbora*. Still others watched from second-story windows overlooking the area. All the spectators sat quietly and without expression. Those who danced paid the musicians and occasionally the watchers would proffer a glass of *ouzo* (anise liqueur) to the male dancers and to the musicians.

The dances themselves were the most commonly known traditional round dances of the Greek countryside: the *kálamatyanos, sirtos,* and *tsamikos,* danced in Vasilika by both men and women, but usually not at the same time. Men danced the *zembekikos* and the *khasapikos* as solos.

On this occasion, and on any other when musicians came to the village, the women of some of the more sophisticated families joined their male relatives sitting around the small coffeehouse tables.

In the evening, several families joined together for a meat-eating feast, after which bonfires were lit in different sections of the village; this time the adults joined in the carnival spirit of practical jokes and danced and sang in the security of their own neighborhoods until early morning. The next day is "Clean Monday." Many of the villagers visited Kifisokhori, which has a carnival

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1

[Village Life]

perhaps, not be counted as full-time farmers. Indeed, when one realizes that according to this same census the average family farm contained only a little more than 8 acres, and the amount of productive land per head of the rural population totaled just 1.75 acres, it is obvious that there are very few full-time farmers in Greece, if the term is taken to mean persons who busy themselves on the land throughout the year.

Except for a few weeks, when especially intensive work of cultivation or harvesting must be done, Greek peasant farmers enjoy a great deal of leisure, and spend it, characteristically, sitting in the village *cafeneion*, or coffee house, talking, playing backgammon, or just watching the passing scene. A casual observer might mistake such idleness for laziness; yet when tangible gain is to be won by working hard, Greek peasants do not spare themselves. But in practically every village there are far more hands than are needed to do the work of the fields; and when the needful work has been done, sitting in a coffee house is more entertaining than sitting at home. There a man may hear the latest gossip of the village, read the Athens newspapers, talk politics, and watch the shadows shift across the village square as the day progresses.

The women, on the other hand, lead a much harder life. Household tasks and the care of children take up most of the hours of the day, and in the seasons when field work is heavy, women work side by side with the men. For a woman to sit in a coffee house would be the grossest breach of etiquette, something quite unthinkable. The village water fountain may serve as a place for daily gossip; but it is the church which really provides the village women with a meeting place where they may on a Sunday morning, after (or even during) the service, talk and enjoy a few minutes of leisure each week. By a curious and unspoken law, the men of the villages usually do not attend church, save on feast days and other special occasions. Thus

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1

[Town Life]

621 Even in Athens-Piraeus this pattern is observed in many of
369 the neighborhoods into which the two cities divide. The majority of Athenians live in suburbs which date back only to 1923 and the years immediately after, when tens of thousands of refugees from Asia Minor crowded into the town. Many of these communities have a strong corporate sense of their own, and live in much the same way as the smaller provincial towns
[513] already described. In the central part of Athens, however, life pursues a rhythm more or less like that of any big European city except that here, too, the midday siesta is rigorously observed. Also, new suburbs, inhabited by professional people and employees, have in recent years grown up farther from the center of town; here little of the community spirit of the older suburbs is to be found, and life rather resembles the dormitory belt of a big American city.

369 The superabundant leisure so characteristic of village life is
517 also apparent in the towns. *Cafeneions* are numerous and nearly
275 always the sidewalk tables are well filled with men who obviously have no pressing business, if indeed they have any business at all. Street corners, curbs and squares are also occupied
[435] by the poor, who cannot afford to pay for a seat by ordering a coffee, even though a modest 2½ drachmae (7 cents) will confer title to a table for an entire morning.

369 Every considerable town has a fringe of unemployed and
464 semi-employed inhabitants, many of them migrants from vil-
166 lages who have come seeking some sort of job to supplement the inadequate income from their family farms. Such persons
[434] can always go back to the village if need be, where at least they can have a roof over their heads and something to eat. Even when a man has been successful in finding regular employment in a town, and makes his home there, he often continues to maintain a connection with the village from which he, or his
[602] father or grandfather, came. Family ties are very strong in

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The young lady at home virtually becomes a slave. She has to prepare warm water and wash the feet of her father and mother-in-law, do the washing, cooking, sewing, cleaning and work at the loom to prepare cloth for the family. The son has no right to object to the demands of his parents, for the services they expect /17/ from his wife. This custom throughout many centuries has become a part of their philosophy of life and naturally is a part of the good qualities of women.

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The work of the women is not seasonal as the men's is. The rush of the summer season decreases in the winter months but the women have to weave, knit, sew, cook, wash the family's clothes and attend the chores. The men during the winter months come together in coffee houses and spend their day in sipping coffee, reading the newspaper and discussing politics.

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Work of Husbands.

Unlike many agricultural counties where the work of the husband is more or less distributed more evenly throughout the year, here we have one crop farming that occupies the men for a few months and the rest of the year is spent in the coffee house, which serve as centers of discussion and relaxation. The effect of the coffee houses is great on the individuals.

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On bazaar days the husband goes to the market where he spends his time either buying articles of food for his family or to meet his friends and study the market prices of certain commodities.

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The long day. During sowing season and harvesting season, which lasts four months of the year, the family /18/ spends long daily hours in the fields. The long hours of work during the rush season obliges the farmer to take his whole family to the fields and enough food to spend the week there. Due to the systems of dividing the land, a farmer besides having six patches scattered on all sides of the village, has to walk 6 miles from the village to get to his fields. Thus the distance and the rush of the work obliges the farmer to sleep in the fields. The usual diet on such long days of hard work is white cheese, black bread, yugourt,

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leave school the second or third year and often with ill health. Two of the young men died from T. B. in Megali Vrisi. Both of them were in High School for two years.

Discipline. Besides the local school which plays /30/ a large part in discipline, the established morals of the village disciplines the youth. The part also of the grandparents and especially that of "Gerousia" is important. The most effective type and enforced one is through "Gerousia". 861 876 [626] [623]

The stick at home and at school still has its blessings, since according to the philosophy of the villagers it came out of paradise. Even married men sometimes are subjected to this stick punishment by the parents without any complaint. The teacher keeps it on his desk and one corner of his office is filled with reserve sticks to use in case one breaks. When a teacher has 175 students of six grades, there is no time for explaining why and how, the stick enforces everything. [593]

Political and Religious Training in the home. The political training is formed and reshaped in the coffee house. The convincing speakers and those that can read newspapers usually influence the rest. Coffee houses are places for recreation and the exchange of ideas, for forming political beliefs and for deciding important decisions for the community. Its function as a coffee drinking place is of minor importance. 275 517 [208] [867]

The name does not mean very much to the average person who does not have experience of the coffee house. The number of coffee houses usually denotes the magnitude /31/ of the conflict groups and the amount of leisure time the farmers have. The coffee houses, besides being the place where one sips his coffee and plays his "tavli", are also centers for drinking from soft to strong alcoholic drinks. Quarrels, conflicts, political discussions and gambling take place in the coffee houses. With all these evils, still the coffee house is one of the best social centers, and centers where the common farmers exchange ideas and become aware of the current world political problems. It is the center [578] [578] [525] [208]

/31 cont./ where thoughts are crystallized into action. Here the political leaders meet their followers.

Every stranger, merchant, peddler, politician, government employee, or any other agent, goes first to the coffee house where he can get reliable information and pass on his mission.

The Orthodox religion has been enforced upon the people directly from the church. The religion is taught at the school, and church ceremonies are conducted in the church. The whole family goes to the church every Sunday morning and thus the child follows the elders in their religious beliefs. The church through its numerous holidays teaches something new to the people, brings up the people to it through various ceremonies. The child /32/ learns from father and mother that this or that holiday has this or that moral meaning to their lives. The school as a part of its religious education obliges every student with the teacher to attend church on Sundays and holidays. The teacher or the priest on such holiday occasions explains to the people the religious significance of the day and its practical application to their lives. Their Christian religion is unlike the Christian religion of many other sects. The Orthodox church believes in one God and in Christ as his son, but according to the nature of their demands they pray to special designated saints whom they think are able to help them. For example, for rain they pray to St. Ilias, who rides in a carriage and makes the thunder. For war they pray to St. Demeter. For travel on sea they pray to St. Nicola. For having a child to St. Nufrios. For sickness to St. Spyridion, etc. down the line. It is not so simple as the Protestant religion, nor so simple as Protestantism in that it depends much more on ceremonials. They take their religion seriously and believe in it completely.

When a cow or a member of a family gets sick, or the crop is not as promising, either the priest or another person next to the priest will be called to offer prayer. /33/ The priest is the representative of the Saints through whom they communicate with God. Religion makes a large part of their activity and thus the youngsters as they grow, fit themselves in it and take their respective places.

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Making use of their prosperous crop years, farmers have enlarged the houses and added more rooms and thus improved their houses. The usual type is a three room house: storeroom, kitchen and bedroom. The habit of the whole family sleeping in the same room still prevails. Most families have screened their houses against mosquitos and flies, but the floors still remain the same mud built

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PART VI Education

Various aspects of informal education. The people of Megali Vrisi are hungry for education and value its importance in their lives. When they arrived at their half-ruined village, before taking care of their own shelter, they built the school by sacrificing the lumber of their houses.

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71 Church and school are the two outstanding institutions which influence more than anything else the lives of these people. More than 97 per cent of the Caucasians know how to read and write, and six among them have even completed their high school work. The Thracians on the other side are illiterate. Only 4 per cent of the older people know how to read and write, but the younger generation that has the chance to attend the school, know how to read and write.

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The local grammar school includes six grades with one teacher. He divides his students into two groups, and half of them come in the morning and the other half in the afternoon. The teaching chedule is prepared by the Ministry of Education and the teacher is closely inspected by the regional inspector as to his ability to follow it. This heavy program hinders the teacher from taking active part in the village social life.

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Teacher's position in the village. A teacher and a priest are highly honored and their presence in coffee houses is not desired. Besides the training he gives to the children at the school the teacher follows students in their homes too. If a mother

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4. The spirit of benevolence reaches its zenith. Donations to the church and to the poor. 571
5. Exchange of ideas with other villagers and thus benefit from each other's experience.
6. It is a day when everybody feels alike with no class distinction.

How local services are paid. There are three coffee houses in the village and they all work on a credit system to be collected in the summer. During the harvest season it is surprising to find more outside people with sacks and scales who come around to collect the debts than farmers. 452 [275]

/99/ The horseshoer, the herdsman, the barber, the priest, the school-committee, the tailor, the local hospital committee, the coffee house men, the local grocery merchant, the town merchants, the blacksmith, the tin man, the carpenter, the doctor, the drug man, the mid-wife, the guard of the fields, the vegetable man, the wagon builder, the cheese man and the tax collector. Usually at the harvest season the coffee houses are filled with collectors. They get information from each other to the quality of wheat collected from different farmers. Most of the agreements are based on an amount of wheat and not on money as a basis. For example, the barber for hair cutting and shaving gets 12 okes of wheat (33.60 lbs) for one year. The herdsman charges 3 okes of wheat per head for the year. The doctor gets 10 okes of wheat per family for the year. It is surprising here to find how much of the business transaction are carried out on commodity bases rather than with money. [463] [275] 452 436 465 437

Cast of Personalities. In the social interaction which takes place in a community, certain personalities emerge which develop into the community's cast of actors. These are the people who provide the /100/ foci of attention, about whom gossip circulates more than others, and who give to the community its really human qualities. Among these characters are both the heroes and the villains. They are outstanding, however, not so much because 156 554 [521]